

THE DICKENSIAN

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and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

THE Tennyson Centenary celebrations take place on the 6th and 7th of this month, at Sowerby, the Laureate's birthplace, and, at the invitation of the Mayor of Lincoln and the Commemoration Committee, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, this year's President of the Dickens Fellowship, is to deliver an address on "The Influence of Lincolnshire on Tennyson's Works." The only other speaker, so far, is Canon Rawnsley. Mr. Walters is as keen a student of the life and works of Tennyson as he is of Dickens, and has written much on the subject. The City of Lincoln Public Library Record for July has an article on "Tennyson and Lincolnshire," from the pen of Mr. Walters.

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Early last month the Titmarsh Club organised The Thackeray Centenary Exhibition, which was opened at the Charterhouse by Lord Rosebery, who delivered a very notable address, in the course of which he made the inevitable reference to Dickens. On account of the fact our press cuttings this month refer more to the Thackeray Centenary than to Dickens. There was a large and influential gathering present at the opening, amongst which were many well-known Dickensians. The Exhibition comprises some wonderfully interesting items, and Mr. Lewis Melville and the Titmarsh Club are to be congratulated on the result of their labours.

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The following letter appeared in the *Manchester Sunday Chronicle* last month, in reply to a remark in a previous article signed "Hubert":—

SIR,—What *can* "Hubert" mean by saying that Meredith runs Dickens very hard for the first place in English fiction? Not only does he not run Dickens very hard, but Meredith is so far above all rivalry as to be out of any reckoning in which Dickens appears.

Dickens couldn't draw a woman, his pathos is maudlin, his heroes are generally muffs and milksops, his humour at its best is only uncommonly good farce, and his alleged "characterisation" amounts to nothing more than a tiresome trick of repeating some catch phrase, as instanced by Micawber, Mr. Wardle on the Fat Boy, Barkis, and the rest.

The whole of Dickens's characters are nothing but a gallery of grotesques without a tincture of reality. To compare that sort of charcoal portraiture with the noble canvases of Meredith is as if one compared a Tenniel cartoon with a Raphael.

The Crossways.

DIANA.

It is unnecessary to make the obvious retort which will naturally come to the mind of each of our readers. However, we reprint the letter as a curiosity. Diana's opinion was not required for Meredith's reputation's sake, and that of Dickens will not suffer because of it. The Manchester paper was inundated with sharp and telling replies from its readers, some of which were printed on July 9th and 16th.

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Three notable books dealing with Dickens will appear in the early autumn from the house of Chapman & Hall. The first is from the pen of the Fellowship's President, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, entitled "Phases of Dickens: The Man, his Message and his Mission"; the second, "Charles Dickens in America," by Mr. W. Glyde Wilkins, a frequent contributor to our pages; whilst the third is the elaborately illustrated edition of Forster's Life of the novelist, for which the present writer has been collecting pictures for some years, a detailed preliminary announcement of which is made in our advertisement pages.

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In the ten days before and during the Coronation celebrations the Dickens Museum in Commercial Road, Portsmouth, was visited by upwards of 1,200 people from practically all parts of the world. The museum visitors' book during the period was signed by visitors from France, Sweden, Japan, Canada, various States of America, Dresden, Naples, Nova Scotia, New Zealand, New York, Africa, Mexico, St. Petersburg, Australia, Simla, and other parts of India, Tasmania, Germany, China, and Buenos Aires.

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The "Bull," Rochester, was duly offered for sale last month, but, in spite of its valuable literary associations, no bid was forthcoming, and the property was withdrawn.

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The Hon. Secretary of the Dickens Centenary Committee is desirous of ascertaining just how many copies of Dickens are in existence in the United Kingdom. To this end assistance is being granted him by librarians, booksellers, and others, and he would be very grateful for any help which would enable him to form an opinion as to the number of copies of Dickens's works existing in the chief centres of the British Isles. No doubt there are many Dickens-lovers, especially clergymen and physicians, who are able, through their own knowledge, to form an estimate of the average number of copies of a house or family. Such information should be addressed to Mr. Beckles Willson, Hon. Secretary, 17, Tavistock Street, London, W.C., and will be duly acknowledged.

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We regret to have to record the death of the Rev. J. J. Stevenson, which took place on July 14th, in Edinburgh. Mr. Stevenson was President of the Edinburgh Branch of the Fellowship for the first four years.

THE EDITOR.

DICKENS'S PEN PICTURES OF THE SEASONS

By JOHN SUDDABY

PART I

TIME, THE YEAR, AND THEIR CHANGES

ALL readers of Dickens will have noticed his beautiful and poetical descriptions of the stages of the year as they pass by in their seasons; and how in his references he dwells on the rolling by of time, ever and anon exemplifying it by the flowing rivers and their moving waters. The pastoral poets who have versed the seasons and written of them solidly and continuously, and in certain respects exhaustively, do not perhaps, however, excel Dickens in effect. The other writers have put their pen pictures of the seasons into, as it were, one full garden of flowers. But Dickens has put his pen pictures as beautiful flowers in season by the wayside according to the time and circumstances of which he was writing in his various works. And thus running through his books are those many pleasant references to the periods of the year which could be culled and detached and then formed into one almost continuous story. The reader of a solitary work of the author misses this, but as he proceeds to read book after book he fully realises the presence through the works of this connected story, and of Dickens's love of nature and his solemnly pathetic and other references to the flowing on of time. A sufficiency of references to these items or extracts are given for the purposes of this article, and Dickens students and general readers may perhaps be stimulated and find pleasure in culling from the books further quotations, of which there are so many, and thus amplifying into a hugher connected story these pleasing pen pictures. Dickens's descriptions are thoroughly characteristic or expressive in the great proportion of his writings—more so, perhaps, than is the case with most writers—of his own keen observations of nature as he moved along, and of his own intense feelings as he went through life. He undoubtedly revelled in nature as he took those long walks and almost daily wanderings in and around London and along the roads and by-ways of Kent at the various periods of his life. This walking and communing with nature commenced in his young days, as shown in his early writings, and was continued through his later years to almost the day of his death. Forster thus alludes to Dickens's perambulations in Kent in the vicinity of Gad's Hill: "That round Cobham, skirting the park and village, and passing the Leather Bottle Inn, famous in *Pickwick*, was a favourite walk with Dickens. And about the whole of Cooling Churchyard, indeed, and the neighbouring castle ruins there, was a weird strangeness that made it one of Dickens's attractive walks in the late year or winter when from Higham he could get to it across country over the stubble fields, and for a shorter summer walk he was not less fond of going round the village of Shorne. The Cobham neighbourhood was certainly that which he had the greatest pleasure in, and he would have taken oftener than he did the walk through Cobham park and woods, which was the

last he enjoyed before life suddenly closed upon him, but that here he did not like his dogs to follow." And Charles Dickens, jun., in his annotated edition of *Pickwick*, also says of his father that down the lanes and through the park to Cobham was always a favourite with him, and he never wearied of acting as *cicerone* to his guests to its fine church and the quaint almshouses, with the disused refectory behind it. And the earliest references by Dickens himself to the immediate locality are those in *Pickwick*.

As a fitting illustration for this immediate district where Dickens so communed with nature, a copy is given on the next page of a harvest scene in the field immediately to the south-west of the Cobham church (St. Mary Magdalene) and the college or almshouses. Dickens in his writings makes many allusions to the growing corn, harvest scenes and August days, and the sketch taken from a water-colour drawing, signed S. Tuke, represents harvesting by hand, without the present machinery, in the lifetime of Dickens. And when walking from, say, Gad's Hill, then through the park and village of Cobham, past the Leather Bottle, and, finally, rounding the church for a return, Dickens might have sighted such a picture as that depicted. In this hand harvesting of the olden style the leading man is seen preparing his scythe to resume the cutting of the corn, the second man is gathering with the rake, and the third is binding a sheaf; and a family group is crossing the field, apparently moving to harvest work further on. The writer remembers the picture being purchased in Hull and brought home about the year 1859 by the head of the household, who, having been farming in his younger days, had bought it as a pleasant harvest scene in remembrance of his earlier years. It was hung up as such—a harvest scene at Cobham, in Kent—it being signed by the artist in its corner as Cobham Church and College. The picture ultimately passed to the writer, who, having become versed in Dickens matters, saw that the scene was a picture in Dickens's days of his much-loved Cobham locality. The picture was clean and apparently new when bought about 1859, the picture dealer having had it and others sent down as a parcel from London.

The novelist, it will be recalled, bought Gad's Hill in 1855, and, after some delay and some extensive alterations to it, went to reside there, remaining until his death in 1870. The *Pickwick Papers* having in 1859 been before the public twenty years, and Cobham church and locality made famous, may have induced the artist to paint the scene as shown.

Quotations referring to the passing of the seasons and of time may now be given. They need no comment, they forming—as they follow connect and interweave—their own narrative or essay:—

The morning of day and the morning of life are but too much alike.—*Pickwick*.

A fig for Time, sir! Use him well, and he's a hearty fellow, and scorns to have you at a disadvantage.—*Barnaby Rudge*.

New Year's Day! the best and happiest day in the whole year.—*Chimes*.

The phantoms of days go by me, accompanying the shadow of myself in dim procession. Weeks, months, seasons pass along. They seem little more than a summer day and a winter evening. Now the common where I walked with Dora is all in bloom, a field of bright gold, and now the unseen heather lies in mounds and bunches underneath a covering of snow. In a breath the river that flows through our Sunday walks is sparkling in the summer sun, is ruffled by the winter wind, or thickened with drifting heaps of ice. Faster than ever river ran towards the sea, it flashes, darkens and rolls away.—*Copperfield*, Chapter XLIII.

It is when our budding hopes are nipped beyond recovery that we are the most disposed to picture what flowers they might have borne if they had flourished.—*Dombey*.

The first of May! There is a merry freshness in the sound calling to



COBHAM CHURCH: HARVEST SEASON, 1857

From a Water Colour by S. Tuke

our minds a thousand thoughts of all that is pleasant and beautiful in nature in her sweetest and most delightful form. What man is there over whose mind a bright spring morning does not exercise a magic influence—carrying him back to the days of his childish sports and conjuring up before him the old green field with its gently waving trees, where the birds sang as he has never heard them since—where the butterfly fluttered far more gaily than he ever sees him now, in all his ramblings—where the sky seemed bluer, and the sun shone more brightly—where the air blew more freshly over greener grass and sweeter-smelling flowers—where everything wore a richer and more brilliant hue than it is ever dressed in now! Such are the deep feelings of childhood, and such are the impressions which every lovely object stamps upon its heart.—*Sketches*, XX.

Every day had been so bright and blue that to ramble in the woods and to see the light striking down among the transparent leaves and sparkling in the beautiful interlacings of the shadows of the trees, while the

birds poured out their songs, and the air was drowsy with the hum of insects, had been most delightful. . . . We looked through a green vista supported by thousands of natural columns, the whitened stems of trees, upon a distant prospect made so radiant by its contrast with the shade in which we sat, and made so precious by the arched perspective through which we saw it, that it was like a glimpse of the better land.—*Bleak House*, Chapter XVIII.

A delightful walk it was, for it was a pleasant afternoon in June, and their way lay through deep and shady wood, cooled by the light wind which gently rustled the thick foliage, and enlivened by the songs of birds that perched upon the boughs. The ivy and the moss crept in thick clusters over the old trees, and the soft green turf overspread the ground like a silken mat. They emerged upon an open park [Cobham] with an ancient hall displaying the quaint and picturesque architecture of Elizabeth's time. Long vistas of stately oak and elm trees appeared on every side, and large herds of deer were cropping the fresh grass, and occasionally a startled hare scoured along the ground with the speed of the shadows thrown by the light clouds which swept across a sunny landscape like a passing breath of summer.—*Pickwick*, Chapter XI.

The rich, sweet smell of the hayrick rose to his chamber window; the hundred perfumes of the little flower garden beneath scented the air around; the deep green meadows shone in the morning dew that glistened on every leaf as it trembled in the gentle air; and the birds sang as if every sparkling drop were a fountain of inspiration to them.—*Pickwick*, Chapter VII.

It was one of those summer evenings when there is no greater darkness than a long twilight. . . . The smoke that rose into the sky had lost its dingy hue and taken a brightness upon it. The beauties of the sunset had not faded from the long, light films of cloud that lay at peace in the horizon. From a radiant centre over the whole length and breadth of the tranquil firmament, great shoots of light streamed among the early stars, like signs of the blessed later covenant of peace and hope that changed the crown of thorns into a glory.—*Little Dorrit*, Book II., Chapter XXXI.

It was a bright and sunny morning in the pleasant time of summer. . . . Heaven above was blue and earth beneath was green; the river glistened like a path of diamonds in the sun; the birds poured forth their songs from the shady trees, the lark soared high above the waving corn; and the deep buzz of insects filled the air.—*Nicholas Nickleby*, Chapter III.

The rich light had faded, the sombre hues of night were falling fast upon the landscape, and a few bright stars were already twinkling overhead. The birds were all at roost; the daisies on the green had closed their fairy hoods; the honeysuckle twining round the porch exhaled its perfume in a twofold degree, as though it lost its coyness at that silent time and loved to shed its fragrance on the night; the ivy scarcely stirred its deep green leaves. How tranquil and how beautiful it was!—*Barnaby Rudge*, Chapter LIV.

The superabundant moisture, trickling from everything after the late rain, set him off well. Nothing near him was thirsty. Certain top-heavy dahlias, looking over the palings of his neat, well-ordered garden, had swilled as much as they could carry—perhaps a trifle more—and may have been the worse for liquor; but the sweetbriar, roses, wallflowers, the plants at the windows, and the leaves on the old tree, were in the beaming state of moderate company that had taken no more than was wholesome for them, and had served to develop their best qualities. Sprinkling dewy drops about them on the ground, they seemed profuse of innocent and sparkling mirth, that did good where it lighted, softening neglected

corners which the steady rain could seldom reach, and hurting nothing.—*Battle of Life*, Chapter III.

Oh, the solemn woods over which the light and shadow travelled swiftly, as if Heavenly wings were sweeping on benignant errands through the summer air; the smooth green slopes, the glittering water, the garden where the flowers were so symmetrically arranged in clusters of the richest colours, how beautiful they looked! . . . On everything and far away across the openings in the prospect, to the distance lying wide before us with a purple bloom upon it, there seemed to be such undisturbed repose.—*Bleak House*, Chapter XVIII.

Once upon a time, it matters little when, and in stalwart England, it matters little where, a fierce battle was fought upon a long summer day when the waving grass was green. Many a wild flower formed by the Almighty Hand to be a perfumed goblet for the dew, felt its enamelled cup filled high with blood that day, and shrinking, dropped. Many an insect deriving its delicate colour from harmless leaves and herbs, was stained anew that day by dying men, and marked its frightened way with an unnatural track. The painted butterfly took blood into the open air upon the edges of its wings. The stream ran red. The trodden ground became a quagmire, whence, from sullen pools collected in the prints of human feet and horses' hoofs, the one prevailing hue still lowered and glimmered at the sun. Heaven keep us from a knowledge of the sights the moon beheld upon that field when she rose into the sky and looked upon the plain.

Nature, far above the evil passions of men, recovered her serenity, and smiled upon the guilty battle-ground as she had done before when it was innocent. The larks sang high above it; the swallows skimmed and dipped and flitted to and fro; the shadows of the flying clouds pursued each other swiftly, over grass and corn and turnip field and wood, and over roof and church spire in the nestling town among the trees, away into the bright distance on the borders of the sky and earth, where the red sunset faded. Crops were sown and grew up, and were gathered in; the stream that had been crimsoned, turned a water-mill; men whistled at the plough; gleaners and haymakers were seen in quiet groups at work.

The seasons, in their course, however, though they passed as lightly as the summer clouds themselves, obliterated, in the lapse of time, even these remains of the old conflict, and wore away such legendary traces of it as the neighbouring people carried in their minds, until they dwindled into old wives' tales, dimly remembered round the winter fire, and waning every year. Where the wild flowers and berries had so long remained upon the stem untouched, gardens arose, and houses were built, and children played at battles on the turf. The deep green patches were no greener now than the memory of those who lay in dust below.—*Battle of Life*.

(To be concluded.)

DICKENS EXPERTS IN WASHINGTON

"As for Dickens, he knows him so intimately that he would have been a dangerous competitor in the contest initiated by Caverley in his famous examination paper on *Pickwick*. If the President had failed, Senator Cabot Lodge, one of the guests at the little luncheon party the President gave for us, would certainly have won the prize. Any who talk of the decadence of Dickens, should go to Washington and mix with the cultured men of business who direct the destinies of the United States; they would speedily discover their error."—From Henry W. Lucy's *Sixty Years in the Wilderness*. Concerning Roosevelt, p. 215.

A LITTLE BOZ HOMILY TO THE YOUNG BABIES OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

By LEICESTER ROMAYNE

IN starting on your journey through life one of the most important things is to see that you are provided with a good nurse. It is idle to say that you cannot do this. As a baby you practically govern the situation. You are a king surrounded by a servile court, the lifting up of your voice creates widespread consternation, and the mere puckering of those infant brows is at once a threat and a command. How, then, my dears, can you say you are unable to exercise supervision over the appointment of your nurses? Not only can you do so, but it is your distinct duty to give your attention to this all-important matter.

Now, to all you babies who, like a certain celebrated Wiltshire personage, are not unmindful of your moral responsibilities, let me offer a few words of advice. Be careful what nurses you encourage. Be wise in time. There are nurses and nurses, second-hand violincellers and second-hand violincellers, as Mr. Bagnet could tell you. Do not encourage frivolous or fussy or noisy or tyrannical or "jumpy" nurses. Secure a Peggotty if you can, but if you are unable to do this—and I admit that Peggottys are rare in this world—get the very next best kind of nurse that you can, and be happy. Even as to Peggotty herself, I have heard some unfavourable criticisms. One young lady of some nine summers observed to me recently that she did not like the great waste of buttons in the Copperfield household. The thought of it worried her, she said. "Buttons," observed this young lady sententially, "buttons have a distinct value, especially pearl ones, and to burst them off and shed them in that promiscuous fashion in fields and on highways was most extravagant and reprehensible." "Was Peggotty," she asked, "put on an allowance of buttons? Were they deducted from her wages?" These questions I did not feel called upon to answer, nor do I like to see so calculating a spirit in the young. Peggotty, in fact, was worth a billion buttons—and pearl ones at that! Never, my dear babies, be misled by a false spirit of economy. You must learn to discriminate between the things in which you can economise and the things in which it would be the height of foolishness to attempt an economy. You cannot save in Peggottys, and if you take my advice you will never try to do so.

Now, there is Tilly Slowboy. I much regret that I cannot recommend Tilly as a safe and reliable nurse. Tilly is thoroughly well-intentioned I make no doubt, and I should be pleased, very pleased, delighted I'm sure, as Mrs. Nickleby would say, to recommend her in any other capacity, but I really cannot find it in my conscience to put forward this young person as specially fitted to have charge of infants and those of tender years. Tilly means well, indeed, but her way of handling that precious wee Peerybingle is simply not to be defended. We must all expect to receive some tolerably hard knocks in the course of our earthly

pilgrimage, but there is no reason in the world why we should receive them all at once, crowded together into the very first year of our existence. Now this was the unhappy fate of Baby Peerybingle. It had all its knocks in a lump—in a good many lumps, in fact, and what its dear little round baby cranium must have been to look at after a process of Tilly Slowboy-ship I tremble to think of. Then, again, though it was doubtless very praiseworthy of Miss Slowboy to try and develop the intellectual faculties of that blessed child, there, too, her method was clearly at fault. To bring that infant's head into contact with everything animal, vegetable and mineral about the place in a single afternoon as she did on the occasion of May Fielding's wedding, was, I maintain, a method of instruction far too drastic and severe when one considers the tender age of the student and its yet immature powers and faculties. Do not mistake me. I am far from deprecating an early draught from the founts of knowledge, and a youthful spirit of inquiry is highly to be commended within certain limits, but even this may be *pushed too far*, as in the case of little Peepy Jellyby, who was discovered with his head caught fast in the area railings, a position from which he was rescued with considerable difficulty, and not, as might be conjectured, by the grateful natives of Borioboola Gha, but by a few of the inhabitants of his own benighted country of Great Britain; and this illustration brings me, my dear infants, to another matter of importance, which is neither more nor less than the choice of a mother.

Now let me warn you all most seriously against such mothers as Mrs. Pardiggle. Mrs. Pardiggle was altogether too much for her children. Though she always took them about with her wherever she went, those poor children never succeeded in getting really near to her. They could have grasped the idea of their mother being also a daughter, an aunt, a cousin, a great-aunt all in one, they might even have been able to add to that the idea of her being a great church lady, but it was asking too much of those small child eyes and infant brains that they should see in their mamma a whole committee with the chairman and two or three dozen societies, leagues, guilds, companies, schemes, projects, meetings and money-box collections *ad infinitum*, and the natural result of Mrs. Pardiggle's wonderful universality and many-sidedness was simply to exhaust and alienate the natures and sympathies of her luckless progeny, who absolutely wore themselves out in their futile endeavours to attain to the maternal ideal, and to become Infant Bonds of Joy, anti-tobacconists, testimonialists, mission supporters, canvassers, subscribers, and general little busybodies, turning round a number of little wheels in a noisy, whirling, stirring, worrying, troublesome world. Mrs. Pardiggle had, no doubt, a big heart, but it was rented out to various societies, and there was no part of it available for the sole use and benefit of her own children as such. She could love them as Infant Bonds of Joy, she could dote on them as wee anti-tobacconists; she could regard them fondly as they shook their money-boxes for the heathen in the faces of her friends, what it

was beyond her to do was to look at them simply as her own children and as little Pardiggles. No, children, do not, I beg you, have a Mrs. Pardiggle for a mother. You will find your confidence misplaced, you will find yourselves cheated and deluded, you will find yourselves orphaned. Mrs. Pardiggle is not a mother. She is nothing of the sort. Mrs. Pardiggle is a personified confederation of charitable agencies, a de-humanised parochial syndicate, a mothers' meeting enormously magnified.

I have sometimes thought, my dears, that had Mr. Jellyby transformed his appearance and that of his children by burnt cork and other aids so as to approximate as much as possible to that of the natives of Borioboola Gha, he might have managed to divert the channels of Mrs. Jellyby's industry and benevolence to somewhere nearer home, which would have been a very good thing for all concerned—yes, even, perhaps, for the real natives of Borioboola Gha. Poor man! all thought had been crushed out of him, though, long ago. The bright idea never came. He could but lean his head against the wall, and suffer dumbly!

But now, my dear children, what sort of a father would you choose? There are a great many Dickensian fathers of varying degrees of excellence, but whatever father you may select do not on any account let it be a Mr. Turveydrop, senior. He is very imposing, I grant you, but you will find as you grow up that you might as well have had the Duke of York's column or the Nelson Monument for a father. Do not be deceived, my dear children, by the blandishments of a stiff neckcloth nor the ingratiating airs of a pair of white gloves. Mr. Turveydrop was an elegant clothes-prop, I admit, but I can assure you that a good useful clothes-prop can be got much cheaper than that. The patent combination Father-Clothes-prop article of domestic furniture is very dear, and does not answer well. Never waste a father in this way. What his clothes are like does not so much matter. Do not trouble, my dears, about insignificant details, but ask for a *father*—and see that you get him!

As to parents in general, although I do not expect this to appeal very strongly to you children, yet it must be recorded to the credit of that worthy couple, Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, that they had their children tucked away in bed at reasonable hours. When Trot and his friend Traddles looked in upon that virtuous household on a certain occasion, they were received with much cordiality and a brew of punch by the magnificent Wilkins, while the twins, those little innocents, surveyed the scene from the vantage point of a turn-up bedstead, whose presence in the sitting-room was demanded by the domestic exigencies of the family. How different this from the conduct of the parent Kenwigses, who not only kept their little olive branches out of bed up to a very late hour, but allowed them to be frightened out of their wits by such powerful and gloomy masterpieces as "The Blood-drinker's Burial." Now we have it from Mr. Crummles, who ought to have known that that great tragedienne his wife was compelled to discontinue giving "The Blood-drinker's Burial" as her

audiences found it altogether too tremendous and overwhelming. What, then, must it have been to the little Kenwigses, all unaccustomed to such lurid pictures! How different from all this the calm and quiet of the Micawber apartment at the witching hour of night. The little Micawbers, after several hours of restful sleep, sat up in bed, rubbed their eyes, and looked out only upon a friendly supper-party, and their ears were assailed by nothing worse than the remorseless logic of their mother as she explained to her guests the exact relations in which Mr. Micawber stood to the rest of the universe, and to the eloquent and rounded periods of that heaven-born after-dinner speaker, their great and incomparable father. Nothing to terrify them, nothing to rouse the fears of those little cherubs, unless indeed the stiff, straight-up hair of that loyal friend and future legal luminary, Traddles, Thomas of that name, could by any possibility have roused their apprehensions. Oh, inimitable Wilkins; oh, superb, ineffable Micawber, the prince of Bohemians, the most exquisite of vagabonds, the most genial and happy of boon companions, the most affectionate of fathers, the most loving of husbands, hail to thee, good friend, hail to thee! Be happy, and flourish exceedingly, for truly we shall not look upon thy like again! There is one, only one Wilkins Micawber. May his shadow never grow less!

And now for a few words about uncles. Whatever you do, my dear children, do not, I beg you, have an Uncle Pumblechook. When you say "Good morning" to your uncle you do not expect him to return your greeting by saying, "Seven times nine, boy?" Again, when you are having breakfast it is highly disturbing to have to endure a running fire of questions of the same tiresome and irrelevant kind. "Seven?" "And four?" "And eight?" "And six?" "And two?" "And ten?" This is not the sort of thing a boy wants at breakfast. Bread and scrape, he would tell you, is far better, and much more to the point. The Uncle Pumblechooks of to-day, however, would never dare to put such questions to their nephews; the younger generation would prove too much for them. No, no, the day has gone by. Your uncles and grandpapas cannot now puzzle young heads with such problems as "Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" Neither can you bring a flush of pride to the youthful cheek by specious flattery as "Bravo, my boy, you'll be a man before your mother yet!" No, no, Uncle Pumblechook must do better than that if he wants to keep the modern Pip in what he conceives to be his place. Let him be careful, or his "And seven?" "And four?" may bring forth such a poser as this for Uncle Pumblechook to try his wits upon: "If it takes a pair of patent double-million magnifying gas microscopes to see through a flight of stairs and a deal door, what would it take to see through Messrs. Dodson and Fogg?" That question, my dear children, would double up any Uncle Pumblechook that ever lived; and if you ever should have a Pumblechook for an uncle, I would advise you to make use of it when occasion requires.

Now as to aunts. I have so much to say about them elsewhere

that I will refrain from saying anything at all at this juncture. I do not wish to cause them embarrassment by dragging them too much into publicity, and it is possible that they might not like being talked about so much. With regard to grandpapas and grandmamas do not, my dear children, have such a mean, sly, covetous, hard, selfish, grasping, evil, detestable old man for a grandfather as was Grandfather Smallweed. Let him be a lesson to you all, my dears, and though I would not wish you to fling away money needlessly and profusely, even that were a thousand times better than that you little fresh, kindly, red-lipped children should grow up and change and wither into such a pinched, miserable, money-cursed old bag of bones as old Grandfather Smallweed. Oh, think of it, my dear boys, think of it, and determine that you, at least, shall never come to this—to spend your dishonoured age in snarling malevolence, huddled up in a big porter's chair, and throwing cushions at grandmamma!

APPLICATION AND CONCENTRATION

IN our June number we referred to the advice given by Mr. Henry F. Dickens to students. He quoted from his father's writings. A correspondent sends us another instance of Dickens's words being used for a similar purpose—on this occasion to the Society of Engineers by the president, Mr. J. W. Wilson, of the Crystal Palace School of Practical Engineering, in 1908. In the course of his inaugural address he said:—

“Charles Dickens described one of his characters as having been ‘educated in no habits of application and concentration. The system which had addressed him in exactly the same manner as it had addressed hundreds of other boys, all varying in character and capacity, had enabled him to dash through his tasks, always with fair credit, and often with distinction; but in a fitful, dazzling way that had confirmed his reliance on those very qualities in himself which it had been most desirable to direct and train. They were great qualities, without which no high place can be meritoriously won; but, like fire and water, though excellent servants, they were very bad masters. If they had been under his direction they would have been his friends; but he being under their direction they became his enemies.’

“Richard Carstone's career was a disastrous failure; and who shall say that what the Master thus pictured for us half a century ago is altered for the better to-day?”

Last month the Bishop of Kensington, at the Victoria Hall, Ealing, presented prizes won by the scholars of Heidelberg College, Ealing. Three, presented by Dr. Arthur Compton Rickett, for papers on the works of Charles Dickens, were won by Enid G. Smart, Margaret L. Foxwell, and Juliet Lees.

THE DICKENS CENTENARY STAMP

THE Dickens Centenary Committee has erected two booths for the sale of the Dickens stamp, one at the Coronation Exhibition (Shepherd's Bush entrance), and the other at the Festival of Empire,



PEGGOTTY'S HUT AT THE CRISTAL PALACE



THE OLD CUBIOSITY SHOP AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH

Crystal Palace. At each of these booths the Dickens Centenary Register, referred to in our last issue, can be signed by all who purchase three or more stamps.

DICKENS AT WELLINGTON HOUSE ACADEMY

By WILLOUGHBY MATCHETT

III

OF course there was Jones, and Jones was calculated to be a bit of a nuisance to any rightly constituted lad. A head master, even when not a bully, is scarcely to be ignored, however bright and free the spirit of the soaring human boy may be. And Jones was undoubtedly a Tartar. Apart from ruling copybooks, and hearing the lessons of the lowest class, thereby stamping himself in the eyes of his pupils as an undoubted ignoramus, he charged himself chiefly with the discipline of the school. Still, Charles under him was not exactly on a par with David under Creakle. Instead of the master being an oppression on his young life, one doubts if he was much more than an ugly and half comical fact looming on the Dickens horizon. One is pleased to fancy that the boy escaped the full force of his severity.

Poor blundering old Jones, incapable and incompetent in all the best that pertains to the art of the teacher, he was paramount in its lowest branch, the wielding of the cane. Blunt instrument as he was for forming the mind of youth, there was still this sort of use in him. Like a razor that refuses to shave, he could still cut. And cut he did at his pupils with all the relish of a man who knew in his heart that in the mere overawing of boys he had found his *métier*. It is not that he was a brute exactly. That youth could only be purged of its natural depravity by scourging, that boys were wild young animals who had to be restrained with a firm hand, and pounced at, and morally sat upon, at every turn and twist of their existence, and that here he was a man ordained by Providence for such work, were doubtless among his most sacred and cherished beliefs. That his zeal carried him to undue lengths at times he was probably well aware, and he was astute enough to temper his slashing with a nice discrimination between boys with parents a long way off, and boys with parents near at hand. Many of the day scholars, it is affirmed, never felt the weight of his arm at all; in all cases they would seem to have got off far more lightly than the boarders. So perhaps Dickens escaped the cane entirely, or if he did fall in for some share of it, may be it was only the trifling amount that helps to create that pleasant understanding between master and pupil that is so desirable.

"Jones and the cane seemed inseparable," wrote one old pupil of his, Mr. John Leighton, F.S.A., and "he had an undoubted love of the cane, which he used sometimes too severely for very slight offences," wrote another, Mr. Edwin Dunkin, F.R.S. Dickens, describing him as Creakle, said, "I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle did. He had a delight in cutting at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially; that there was fascination in such a subject, which made him restless in his mind until

he had scored and marked him for the day." Jones in real life he spoke of as "by far the most ignorant man I have ever had the pleasure to know; one of the worst-tempered men perhaps that ever lived, whose business it was to make as much out of us and put as little into us as possible." From Mr. Leighton, who was a pupil at the school at a later period than Dickens, we glean some further particulars: "His heavy tread and rolling sway asserted his presence, which was enhanced by an improved 'a-hem!' and by a slash here and there, as it appeared to me indiscriminately, all boys upon his line of route drawing well within their forms, that he made resound again and again. Tradition told of horsing and birching, though I never saw the operation performed. I remember a slight and amiable brother being whipped, a form-fellow having informed the pedagogue that young Leighton had called him 'Bunny Old Jones, who broke his bones tumbling over the tombstones.' Could the Bunny have offended as indicative of Welsh rabbit, for Jones was a Welshman?"

Jones could make himself pleasant enough to the mammas, and he took particular care in their presence, Mr. Leighton informs us "to stroke our heads, and to call us his dear boys." Vacation visits by him seem to have been rather events: these were always made in a hackney coach, with a yellow body "decorated with all the mantlings and blazonry of a defunct duke," and drawn by "the very scaffoldings of horses." Getting away from a house was rather a job, for what with Jones being portly, and there being several steps to the coach, and the body of it swinging when he mounted, and the handle of the door being a difficult one and requiring a lot of screwing up, and the many-caped Jarvey probably being none too quick on his pins in remounting the box, and arranging the hammer-cloth, and whipping up his fiery, untamed steeds, who were probably quite content to remain where they were for the rest of their lives, the process must have lasted some minutes. All the more time for smiling adieux and pleasant waves of the hand. What a nice man, Mr. Jones! So chatty and agreeable. That man hard on boys! What will people say next, I wonder!

Let us be fair to Jones. He was a stamp of master now, thank heaven, utterly passed away, but he was probably neither better nor worse than many others. New ideas of education were no doubt slowly gaining ground, tenderer treatment of boys than was formerly the case was coming to be thought desirable; but, one fancies, in this respect, masters, generally speaking, for many years remained a perversely conservative crew. One remembers, for example, the disciplinarian depicted in the pages of *Marryat*, who made a virtue of the fact that he didn't birch, but forgot to mention that he did *cane*, and pretty soundly too. Dickens probably intensified Jones's portrait a trifle in *David Copperfield*. One cannot imagine any old pupils of such a man as Creakle caring to attend his funeral, but when Jones died old boys of the school were not wanting at his graveside.

He was buried in what is to-day a sort of pleasant garden of

tombstones, Old Saint Pancras Churchyard. One doesn't refer so much to the actual tombs as to the hundreds of derelict headstones ornamenting the place like flowers in beds and borders. In one small, round plot is to be seen a tasteful group of these that does great credit to the gardener. They are in this one group no less than 344 in number, and are all taken from that portion of the churchyard that now forms part of the Midland Railway. The symmetry of the mass, which has all the effect of a gigantic nose-gay, is pleasing to the eye, and should have a mingled chastening and cheerful influence—if such a thing is possible—on the gutter children who sport here gaily in the summer time.

Jones's stone seems to be one of these derelicts, but is not hidden in a mass. It is to be seen, for the most part, plainly enough, and forms one of a very neat running border of hardy headstones that lines the bed at the south end of the garden, and is the fourth from the end above the St. Pancras Road. Curious to think, if it originally stood where the engines now puff up and down, how that monster, the Railway, not satisfied with helping to ruin this poor man in life, still pursued him in death!

The inscription on the stone reads as follows:—"Sacred to the Memory of Mr. William Jones, for many years Master of a respectable school in this parish, who departed this Life on the 20th day of January, 1836, Aged 50 years. The inflexible integrity of his Character, and the social and domestic Virtues which adorned his private Life, will long be Cherished in the recollections of all those who knew him."

Jones did not fail to be proud of Dickens when the fame of the novelist was the rage of the town. Had not Boz been one of his "dear boys"? Had not he himself helped to rear the Dickens repute? Doubtless he came to think that Wellington House Academy was, in a sort of way, largely responsible for *Pickwick*. May be it was well for his equanimity of mind that he died before being able to make acquaintance with Mr. Wackford Squeers. But perhaps not. Very likely he would have commended Boz for the portrait, and waxed mightily moral over "those scoundrels," the Yorkshire Schoolmasters. Of course, if he had lived to know Creakle —!

Just as Creakle turned up again in the life of David, so Jones turned up again in Dickens's life, but probably in a more direct manner. Dickens was enabled to do him a service of some sort.

* * * * *

A gray day declines towards darkness, and the old house looms in view like a shadowy presence from the past. It is in tune with decline, and grayness, and gloom. First drooping when the Railway came and blighted its career, depression must have seized it for its own when it came to lose the names that identified it. Years ago, the block, of which it is the corner house, was called Mornington Place, which had quite an aristocratic sound. Think of it! Wellington House! Mornington Place! And now a common number of the Hampstead Road. *Eheu! fugaces—*

The time will come, and perhaps swiftly, when we shall know it

no more: limbo will overtake it as it did the schoolroom, and the garden, and the playground long ago. In the last, by the way, Dickens had no doubt plenty of fun: it was not large, but ample for toy games; in form somewhat that of a large letter L, the angle of which ran to Mornington Crescent. Pear trees there were a few in it that were reputed to supply a plethora of pear pies to the parlour boarders. Now the trains pass some thirty feet below the site of it. Does the spirit of a restless Jones ever come and shake his fist at them?

They—the trains, shoot out gaily from the tunnel here, with clear ideas as to Birmingham and the north, and nothing else, thank you, or they shoot in gaily, eager and panting to get into Euston, and passengers are probably either putting heavy packages in the rack that they hope to goodness will stop there and behave, or else they are hauling them down in an absurd hurry and nursing them like refractory babies that won't be good otherwise; and whether so, or merely sitting at ease, they have no more thought for poor Jones and his school than if they had never existed. But to the Dickensian who lingers above the cutting here—say, on a dismal afternoon with the light failing, such as this is—the screech of a passing engine will at length, if he have the right sort of feeling for the past, reveal a queer, impish sort of far-away echo. It is caught as a faint, faint, oh, so faint, ringing in the ears, and it springs in a ghostly manner from a depth of time. And the Dickensian will know it for that curious noise that is the concentrated essence of boydom, a whole school at play together and shouting in a small space. So let him go home and be happy, and read his Dickens.

(Concluded.)

DICKENS AND THACKERAY *

IN the preface to this book the author states that it is designed for the general reader. What that precisely means we do not quite know. That the book is not intended for those well acquainted with the works of the Novelist is very evident from the method adopted in treating such books as *The Pickwick Papers* and *Nicholas Nickleby*. This is merely to outline the plot of each, giving extracts from the story, with an occasional comment. There is little or no attempt at criticism or enlightenment. The student, therefore, can expect nothing fresh or new from a perusal of these chapters, reprinted and revised from another book by the same author, entitled "Philosophy of Charles Dickens," published in 1880.

The "reader" who does not know his *Pickwick* or *Nickleby* surely cannot be classed as a "general reader," and would be better advised, therefore, to procure the two books and read them in the original form rather than in these "potted" specimens.

Two-thirds of the volume are devoted to Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," the whole forming an obvious piece of book-making to catch the enthusiasm of two notable centenaries.

H. J. H.

* "Dickens and Thackeray Studied in three Novels." By the Hon. A. S. G. Canning. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

LXXX

ODE TO HIS MEMORY

By ALEXANDER HUME

The late Mr. John Forster gave me his genial permission to dedicate this Ode, which he has favourably mentioned in his "Life of Charles Dickens," to himself; but his lamented decease having deprived me of that hoped-for pleasure, I avail myself of the honour of dedicating it to all lovers of England's Immortal Novelist, and, among their number, most particularly and especially to my beloved wife.

Walthamstow, December, 1877.

A. H.

LATELY, in our midst, there dwelt
 A wondrous spirit, who could melt
 Our eyes to sorrow, and constrain
 The laughter to our lips again,
 With change as swift as when the glade
 Displays alternate sun and shade,
 By rainbow clouds of April made—
 A man whose genius could explore
 Paths in the heart untrod before;
 Through self, the spirit's icy pole,
 Forcing a passage to the soul;
 Who loved his kind too well to see
 With apathy what should not be;
 Who sought no smile, who feared no frown,
 But boldly threw his gauntlet down
 Wherever there was wrong to mend,
 Wherever right required a friend.
 Alas! how few there are below
 Who use the gift of genius so!
 But the brave lip is silent now,
 Low lieth the unfearing brow;
 The pulses of the fervent brain
 Are dead to earthly joy and pain;
 Relaxed and cold the pow'ful hand
 That grasped the hearts of half the land,
 And the stout arm, so swift and strong
 To hurl a shaft at fraud and wrong,
 Lies nerveless in that narrow bed
 O'er which the tribute tear is shed.

Sudden as an alarum bell
 The story of his passing fell;
 In our city many a street
 Seemed to miss his frequent feet,
 As we miss, upon the stair,
 The step that we remember there;
 And we felt, in our distress,
 The light of all the land was less.
 If each who loved his mem'ry had
 In mourning robes that day been clad,
 All England then, from east to west,
 Had been in solemn sables drest!

The scented limes were thick with yellow bloom
 That sorted ill with our funereal gloom;
 The early violet in many a spot
 Was scarce replaced by the forget-me-not,

When flashed the news that he lay cold and still
 Amid his cedar'd gardens at Gadshill.
 No muffled drums, no pennons hoisted low,
 Proclaimed his death with simulated woe;
 But on that day more eyes were wet with tears
 Than one man moistens in a thousand years!
 For he was one of those whose lives are part
 Of the pulsation of their country's heart.
 With sensibility for ev'ry smart
 That tore the fibres of a brother's heart,
 Who loved his fellow-men too well to share
 The smug content that placid placemen wear,
 And through his life's abruptly ended day
 Laboured as much for Heav'n as one man may
 To carry forward the eternal plan,
 And bless the spirit of his fellow-man.

With what penetrating eyes
 Looked he through each thin disguise!
 He saw religion that should knit
 The bond of concord sever it—
 If that false show deserves the name
 That parodies her holy flame!
 He saw simplicity and youth,
 In ignorance of aught but truth,
 More innocent more soon beguiled,
 And pitied the bewildered child
 That all too oft unpitied fell—
 As falls the timid, mild gazelle—
 While vice, with its hyena grin,
 Bragged to its monkey-world the sin,
 And then went prowling on its way,
 Whetting its fangs for other prey!
 He saw the rich so fatly fed,
 He saw the poor so scant of bread,
 The empty palace reaching wide,
 The beggars crouching side by side,
 Without a roof their heads to hide,
 With little children white and thin,
 That scarce their poor rags folded in,
 So many shams, so many shows,
 So little succour for their woes!
 These and other evils prest
 So keenly on his feeling breast,
 That all his life was but one long
 Loud protest 'gainst inhuman wrong;
 He challenged with unquailing eye
 Our civilised barbarity—
 The fear of God was on his pen,
 And left no room for fear of men!
 That which in tears we put away
 Is but a little outworn clay,
 And all his hand achieved of worth
 Remains behind to bless the earth.
 Happier, higher, holier far,
 Bosomed in some brighter star,
 In some city of the blest
 Let us picture him at rest,

Where the heart no longer frets,
 And the happy soul forgets
 Earthly mem'ries and regrets.
 Every father who would hope
 To leave his sons a wider scope
 For noble effort, and a plan
 Of being worthy of a man;
 Every mother who would see
 The little daughter on her knee
 Grow up to womanhood with less
 Of peril in her loveliness;
 Every poor man who would pray,
 When summoned from his toil away
 To leave his children safely fed
 With virtue and their daily bread;
 Every patriot in whose breast
 Freedom rears her glorious crest
 Should pause a moment where he lies,
 And bless his name with moistened eyes.
 So, in the Abbey's silent gloom,
 The flow'r of prayer may daily bloom
 Above that venerated tomb,
 Where lieth all that Death could kill
 Of one who charms the nation still
 With music sweet of thoughts that are
 In harmony with ev'ry star:
 The downward tear, the upward eye,
 'Twixt earth and heav'n alternately
 Waver awhile, then rest on high.
 So let him sleep in that calm shade
 Where nobler dust was never laid;
 So let him sleep, but do not strew
 The victor's bier with mournful rue:
 Advanced upon his heav'nly way
 From this pale island of decay,
 Tell not his tale with eyelids dim—
 His lot is blest, for unto him
 This world was but a battle-tent
 Pitched out upon the firmament—
 A tent where duty must be done
 A little while, from sun to sun—
 And, when the hard campaign did cease,
 'Twas but that War gave place to Peace!

Farewell, brave heart! My little task is done;
 To me it was a sweet and solemn one,
 And ill repays the mighty debt I owe
 Him who has bettered half my life below—
 Whose wondrous page has helped to make me feel
 That life is solemn and that God is real!
 There is no truer servant of the sky
 Than he who fosters human sympathy,
 And fills our eyelids with the frequent tear
 Of soft'ning pity for the sorrows here.
 Farewell! In many a now barbarian clime
 Thy fame will ripen in a later time;
 And when yon Abbey walls are overthrown,
 Like all things built of perishable stone,

Its site the pilgrim yet will seek to find,
 Still hallow'd by th' imperishable mind;
 And, tho' no sacred roof or tow'r shall rise,
 Will doff his hat and stand with rev'rent eyes
 Where what was mortal of our DICKENS lies.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP CHARITABLE GUILD ITS WORK AND ITS AIMS

By E. P. HASLAM

IN spite of various notices which have appeared in *The Dickensian* from time to time, there are many members of the Fellowship who do not fully understand the working of its Charitable Guild, and in this article we will endeavour to make clear what its work and aims are.

The second rule of the Guild reads as follows:—

"That its sole work shall consist of endeavouring to help the necessitous."

The object therefore of the Guild is perfectly clear. It is really the charitable department of the Fellowship. It has, however, its own subscribers and members, and its own committee, three of whom are nominated by the Council of the Fellowship, which from time to time makes grants to the Guild to assist its funds.

ITS WORK.

First we have the Dickens Fellowship Cot in Lord Mayor Treloar's splendid Home for Cripples at Alton, to which we can always nominate a patient. This Home has already been described.

Then, as subscribers, we can give tickets or letters for the Surgical Aid Society, the Royal Normal College for the Blind at Norwood, and Royal Victoria Hospital for Children at Chelsea; further, by the kindness of members and friends, we are able to provide letters for the Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, King's College Hospital, Middlesex Hospital, University College Hospital, and certain medical dispensaries and convalescent homes. In cases of urgent necessity we give help in money and food, and, in addition, old clothes, books, magazines, etc.

Another branch of our work is the administration of the Dickens Fellowship Pensions, funds for which our members provide in subscriptions of anything from a penny to sixpence per week. We have nearly fifty subscribers to this special fund. The pensions are 2s. 6d. per week for life to really necessitous persons. We have at present five pensioners, and we know what a great service these regular payments mean to the recipients. We want more subscribers and more pensioners. Our old people are visited in their homes, or in the hospital or infirmary as the case may be, and they are written to and papers and books sent them from time to time, so that they may feel they are not friendless. There is no "red tape" in our work, but simply a desire to carry out the rule quoted above.

ITS AIMS.

The Committee of the Guild desire to go on with this work, and to increase its field of usefulness. The aim they have for the future

is to make the Guild a charitable bureau where information and help concerning convalescent homes, hospitals, asylums and orphan schools can be obtained, as well as letters or votes for these institutions. At the present time it is very difficult for the poorer classes to know the best thing to do. We want them to come to the Guild with the assurance that we can give them advice, information and help. Perhaps this sounds very ambitious; but the Guild is already doing something, and should be able to do much more if we could enlist the sympathy of more members of the Fellowship, and if each would send money for pensions or temporary assistance, letters for hospitals, or votes for institutions.

Many people have letters and votes for which they have no use. Will they give us a chance of using these for deserving cases? We shall keep a register of these friends, and write when we want their help.

The minimum subscription to the Dickens Fellowship Charitable Guild is 1s. per annum; subscriptions to the Pension Fund may be anything from 1d. and upwards per week.

In conclusion we can only repeat that although every case is thoroughly investigated by our energetic and kindly Hon. Secretary, there is no bar whatever to a necessitous case, no formality, no red tape; we welcome those who need help, for the object of the Guild is to show towards those in trouble some of that human sympathy which Charles Dickens persistently taught throughout the whole of his life.

SHALL IT BE "THE FROZEN DEEP"?

By ROBERT ALLBUT

IT may be noted with satisfaction that certain well-known dramatic artists at the Savoy Theatre inaugurated the Dickens Centenary (a little too previous, perhaps) by the presentation of "Dombey & Son" adapted from the novel of Dickens; so that it will become a matter for consideration in the near future, on the part of the D. F. Dramatic Society, as to their arrangements for Christmas next. The various dramatisations of a popular sort are now being used up, with success, and there will be little room for novelty or repetition by our respected friends of the society aforesaid.

It has occurred to the writer that the old play of Wilkie Collins—"The Frozen Deep"—could be considered in this connection. True it is that the author disapproved—thirty years ago—of its amateur reproduction (see letter to Mr. Kent as forwarded by Mr. W. Glyde Wilkins, of Philadelphia, and appearing in *The Dickensian*, June, 1909). Nevertheless, the opinion is modestly advanced that Messrs. Dexter & Co. may go farther and fare worse.

The associations of the play, written 1856, and first presented at Tavistock House, January 6th, 1857, are fraught with the claims of "auld lang syne," and carry the recollections of some of us back to those blissful times when Dickens, the ladies of his household, Mark

Lemon (Editor of *Punch*), Augustus Egg, Shirley Brooks, and others, won the laurels of histrionic fame.

By the special command of Queen Victoria, the drama was next performed at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, for the delectation of a royal audience; and subsequently given at the same place and in some of the more important towns in England—professional ladies being engaged for this “splendid strolling.” The proceeds, amounting to £2,000, were invested for the benefit of the family of a much-respected friend, Douglas Jerrold, then recently deceased, Mr. John Forster being one of the trustees appointed.

Some ten years later it was produced by Mr. Horace Wigan, at the



Photo by]

[J. Shaw

THE DUBLIN BRANCH OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP AT KILLINEY,
CO. DUBLIN, JUNE 17TH, 1911

Olympic Theatre—by arrangement with Mr. Wilkie Collins—commencing November 27th, 1866, Mr. Henry Neville acting in the part of Richard Wardour, as originally personated by Dickens.

It seems to an outsider that the general appointments and scenery of the above (in three acts) need not involve any elaborate effort nor expenditure, and would prove a sterling attraction as a Christmas annual. The Fellowship Dramatic Club may be fairly congratulated on its past achievements, and the present attainments of its *personnel*. The difficulty is nowhere, and a triumphant success is sure to be realised by our willing workers.

Labor est ipse voluptas et omnia vincit.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP COT FUND

IN *The Dickensian* for May, 1910, we gave a list of subscriptions then in hand, and appealed for the balance to enable the Fellowship to establish a cot in "Lord Mayor Treloar's Cripples' Home and College," in place of the proposed Convalescent Home, which had proved impossible. The consent of the original subscribers was obtained for the new scheme, and the additional amount necessary was collected in time to unveil the cot on the annual visitors' day this year, duly reported in our pages. We are now able to append the final list of subscriptions, together with the details of expenditure in connection with the fund. The whole of the details in connection with the collecting of the funds and of carrying the scheme through has been undertaken by Mr. E. P. Haslam, to whom the Council conveyed its best thanks on behalf of the Fellowship.

INCOME.		£ s. d.		EXPENDITURE.		£ s. d.	
To Amount already acknow-				By Original Expenses relat-			
ledged *		195	4 7	ing to the Dickens			
Miss C. H. Wyman		0	5 0	Fellowship Convales-			
Miss Juliette E. Reckitt ..		5	5 0	cent Home		10	14 8
Mrs. Clifford Gordon		0	2 6	Subsequent Expenses relat-			
E. Tregellas		0	5 0	ing to the Cot Fund		1	7 9
Osborn Walford		1	1 0	Cheque to Sir Wm. P.			
Mrs. C. Bremner		0	2 0	Treloar, Bt.		250	0 0
Mrs. H. Buckingham		1	0 0	Balance handed over to			
R. Boyle		0	4 6	the Dickens Fellowship			
Little Dorrit Society		3	3 0	Charitable Guild		1	5 0
The Dickens Repertoire							
Co!		10	0 0				
The Dickens Fellowship		10	0 0				
Osborn Walford		1	1 0				
W. S. London		1	1 0				
Sir Chas. W. Mathews,							
K.C.		2	0 0				
Anstey Guthrie		1	1 0				
J. Ashby Sterry		1	1 0				
Miss Juliette E. Reckitt ..		1	1 0				
T. Reckitt		1	1 0				
Bransby Williams		1	0 0				
The Dickens Repertoire							
Co. (2nd donation)		10	0 0				
Thos. Buzzard, M.D.		1	1 0				
Sir Anderson Critchett		1	1 0				
Interest on Deposit A/c		15	6 10				
		£263	7 5				

It may also be of interest to your many readers to know that a series of illustrated articles have for some time past and continue to appear in *The Home Counties Magazine* on "London Street Stones and Statues," by T. W. Hill, many of which are truly of Dickensian interest.

Yours faithfully, J. W. CHURCH.

1, Somerset Road, Tottenham, June 26th, 1911.

"DATCHERY"

DEAR SIR,—Do not the words, "buttoned up in a tightish blue surt-out" for ever shut our Helena Landless from playing this character?

Datchery, to be successful, must be a stranger to Jasper and the inhabitants of Cloisterham; if Buzzard is not the man, and from Grewgious's description of him he does not seem jolly enough, why not Lobley, Tartar's servant? a jollier sort of person—perhaps it was one who has not yet appeared in the book.

Yours faithfully, ARTHUR SCHOMBERG.

WHAT WAS THE DICKENS LINGO?

SIR,—Apropos of the schooldays of Dickens at the Wellington House Academy, Mr. Owen Thomas, in his letter to Forster, says, "Dickens invented what he termed a 'lingo,' produced by the addition of a few letters of the same sound to every word; and it was our ambition, walking and talking thus along the street, to be considered foreigners." This is also confirmed by Dr. Henry Dawson, who said: "At that time Dickens was very strong in using a sort of 'lingo,' which made us quite unintelligible to bystanders."

Now, I suppose, in most schools, as in my own youthful days, some sort of "gibberish" was practised, to talk which was not only useful for private purposes, but gave one an air of superior knowledge to the uninitiated. The "lingo" that I used went by the name of "Cat Latin," and mention is made of the Clavis as the Latin school book of Dickens's time. As this lingo was in common use in the seventies, and when spoken quickly was not easy to follow, I have wondered if this had any connection with Dickens's invention, which, by the way, Mr. Willoughby Matchett, in his article, for some reason not stated, disputes. Perhaps some of your readers can throw further light on it. As an example, the following names when spoken would become something like this:—

Owen Thomas.—O-ro-go-eryg-en Torogom—arag-as.

Henry Dawson.—Heryg-en-ryryg-y Dorogor-surug-un.

Charles Dickens.—Charah-garles Dirrick-ick-eryg-ens.

Yours truly, A. S. HEARN.

BILL SIKES AND MR. DICK

SIR,—The following extract from The Annual Register for the year 1769 may possibly be of interest to your readers:—

"Yesterday the report was made to his majesty of the convicts under sentence of death in Newgate, when *William Sykes* and *James Best* for house-breaking; xxxxxxxx (being the whole number condemned last sessions at the Old Bailey) were all respited."

The xx indicate a number of other names omitted.

I find also the following death recorded in September of the same year:—

"Monday se'nnight, at Usk, in Monmouthshire, *Richard Jones*, esq.;

generally known by the name of Happy Dick, under which title he was the subject of a much admired old song."

Is it not possible that Dickens knew this song and named Mr. Dick in *David Copperfield* after this Happy Dick?

Assuring you of my deep interest in the objects of your Society,

Yours faithfully, JOSEPH RUSHTON.

301, West 57 Street, New York, June 6th, 1911.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

CHESTER, U.S.A.—The regular meeting of the Chester Branch was held on June 8th, and, as in former years, this being the last meeting of the season, the election of officers for next season was held, and resulted as follows:—Mr. Frederick Selby, President; Mr. F. K. Donahue, Vice-President; Miss M. C. O'Neill, Recording Secretary; Miss Lulu McCartney, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Mary S. Smiley, Treasurer. The Council—Miss Eliz. T. Smith, Mrs. Harry Hynes, Mrs. Mary Shumway, Miss Katherine Stevenson, Miss Nellie McCartney, and Mr. John McDonough. Business finished, the evening was given over to social enjoyment. Mr. Wm. Smith favoured the members with a piano solo, Mrs. Rees rendered several songs, accompanying herself on the piano; Miss Clayton gave a recitation, and Miss Smiley taxed the minds of the members, solving a list of conundrums, the key being found in the works of Dickens. Our first President, the Rev. Wm. H. Towle, being here on a visit from his present home in Maine, honoured the society with his presence, and offered an original poem which was read by Mrs. Rees to the great enjoyment of all. Singing and dancing were indulged in until a late hour, and, after refreshments were served, the last meeting of the season was ended. The Branch has had an enjoyable year, the reading of the book *Barnaby Rudge* was very much enjoyed, and the annual picnic on Memorial Day had the old-time pleasure for the members, Rose Valley being just as beautiful as ever, and all the members look forward to their coming together again and resuming their fellowship work in the fall.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH BOOKS.

Our Mutual Friend. * With 40 illustrations by Marcus Stone, R.A. 2 vols. Centenary Edition. London: Chapman & Hall, Ltd. 3s. 6d. each.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES.

"Dickens and the Welfare of Children," by Annie Sherlock. *The Child*, July.

"Dickens and Diana: Some Answers to a Meredithian." *Manchester Sunday Chronicle*, July 9th and 16th.

"A Porter-actor in Dickensian Studies." (Illus.) *Daily Sketch*, July 12th and 13th.

"Dickens and the Stage." *Everybody's Weekly*, July 8th.

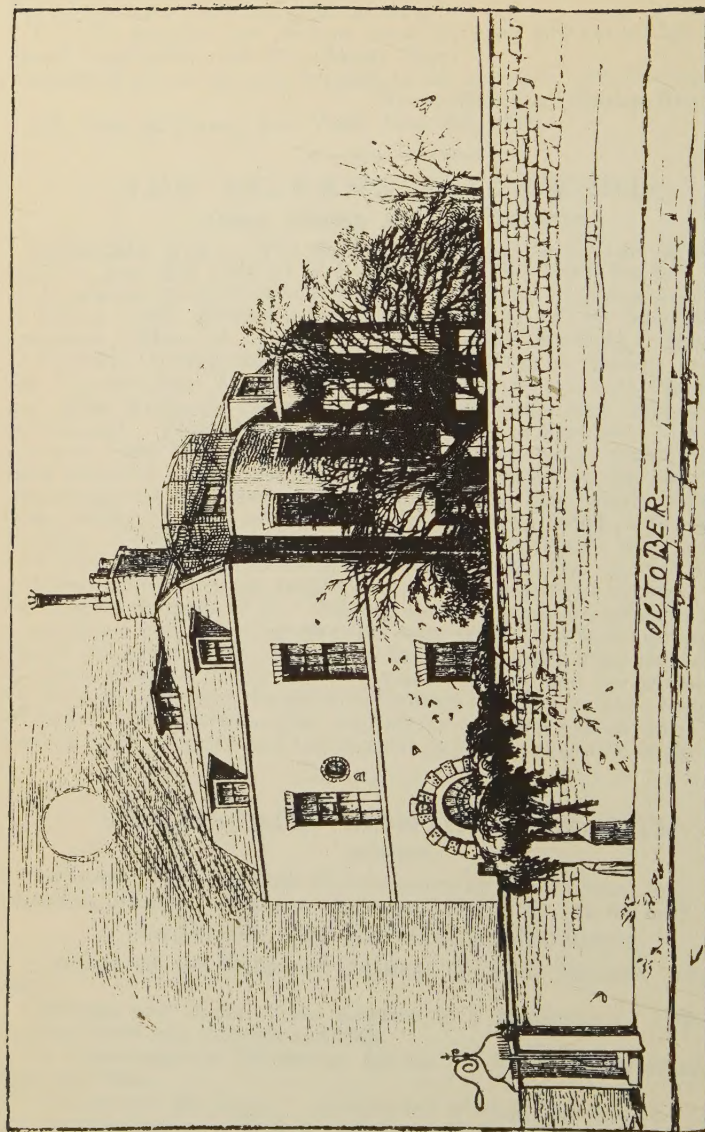
"Charles Dickens's Walk in Edinburgh." Letter from David Cuthbertson. *Scotsman*, July 5th.

"Dombey and Son at the Savoy Theatre." (Illus.) *The Sphere*, July 15th.

"From Coach to Aeroplane: Dickens at Ranelagh," by James Douglas. *Morning Leader*, July 17th.

"Bransby Williams." (Illus.) *The Court Journal*, July 13th.

"A Dickens Gentleman." *Glasgow Herald*, July 15th.



NO. 1, DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, LONDON
Drawn by Daniel Maclise, R.A.